

*Britannia and Batavia:*

**A**

**M A S Q U E.**

[Price Six-Pence.]

Penitentiary and Boarding



EUROPE

[This is a sample]

*Britannia and Batavia.*

A

**M A S Q U E.**

Written on the **MARRIAGE** of the

**PRINCESS ROYAL**

With his **HIGHNESS** the

**PRINCE of ORANGE.**

By the late Mr. **L I L L O.**



**L O N D O N:**

Printed for JOHN GRAY, at the *Cross-Keys* in the  
*Poultry* near *Cheapside*. MDCCXL.

## DRAMATIS PERSONÆ.

Ithuriel.

Eliphas,

Britannia.

Batavia.

Liberto.

Tyranny.

Superstition,

*Chorus of Country Lads and Lasses.*

*Chorus of Sailors and their Lasses.*

Landlady.

*Chorus of Spectators.*

The Procession.

Slavery and Poverty, Attendants on Tyranny.

Mutes

Pride and Cruelty, Attendants on Superstition.



# *Britannia and Batavia:*

A

## M A S Q U E.

### S C E N E the F I R S T.

*A Pleasant Country.*

Britannia asleep under a small, but rich Pavilion. Her Sword and Sbield lying by her. Ithuriel her Guardian Angel with a drawn Sword, leaning on a Cloud, and suspended in the Air near her.

*Itb.* **S**LEEP, fair Britannia, sleep secure ;  
Thy own Ithuriel, happy in his Charge,  
Thy Guardian Angel wakes.

### A I R . I.

Rest is the Recompence of Toil,  
The noblest Fruit of Conquest, Peace ;  
Learn but Content, high-favour'd Isle,  
And nothing can your Bliss increase.

What Splendor rises in the East,  
 Now when the Sun has measured half the Day ?  
 Some alien Spirit sure—

*Descends, and stands before Britannia in a Posture of Defence. Eliphas, the Guardian Angel of Batavia, descends with an Olive Branch in his Hand.*

*Eliphas, as I think,  
 The vigilant Protector of Batavia.*

*El. Exalted Seraph, powerful and benign,  
 Thou judgest right, I am indeed Eliphas.*

*Ith. Distinguish'd as thou art,  
 Prudent, and brave, and of approv'd Integrity,  
 Thou can't not doubt thy Welcome :  
 Yet let me wonder, high and friendly Guest,  
 Why thou hast left thy Charge.*

*El. Not so, bright Chief,  
 Unable to defend her  
 From proud Hispania's fierce and cruel Power,  
 I've brought her here,  
 To seek Protection from Britannia's Arms.*

*Ith. For others Dangers  
 I may not interrupt her calm Repose ;  
 Her Peace and Safety are my Care,  
 Her Virtue is her own.*

## AIR II.

*El. 'Tis great to succour the distrest !*

*Ith. Britannia's Bounty stands confess'd,  
 Unequal'd and alone.*

*El.*

## BRITANNIA and BATAVIA.

7

El. Can lost Batavia sue in vain?  
Itb. Must Britain endless Wars maintain  
For Causes not her own.

El. Behold the mourning Fair.

Enter Batavia in Mourning, supported; her Hair dishevel'd, and her Coronet falling.

Bat. Ah! me, ah! wretched, wretched lost Batavia.

Britannia wakes.

Brit. Who'e'er thou art, thy Groans have wak'd Britannia.

Bat. (Kneeling.) Thou great and just Defender of th'opprest,

See at your Feet poor and distrest Batavia:  
Her Cities ras'd, her sacred Rights destroy'd,  
Her Nobles slaughter'd, and her Sons enslav'd.

### A I R III.

O whither shall I turn me, whither fly,  
If you refuse your Aid?  
By Friends forsaken,  
By my Foes betray'd,  
There's not on Earth so lost a Wretch as I.  
O! whither, &c.

Brit. Arise, afflicted Fair, my Sister, rise;  
Believe, I feel and will redress thy Wrongs;  
Deceitful bloody Rome, and haughty Spain,  
Shall be compell'd to render back their Prey.

## A I R IV.

*Brit.* Let Tyranny devour,  
And build in Blood her Throne;  
*Britannia* holds her Power  
For righteous Ends alone.

*Bat.* While Heaven refers to you the Fate  
Of *Europe*; while you hold the Scale,  
And may dispense the casting Weight,  
Justice and Virtue must prevail.

(Both repeat the first Stanza.)

End of the first serious Interlude.



Enter a Chorus of Country Lads and Lasses.

## A I R V. Under the Greenwood Tree.

*1st Lad.* Let envious Faction call me Slave,  
I know and feel I'm free.

*1st Lass.* 'Tis well, brisk Sir, that you're so brave;  
I thought you bound to me.

*1st Lad.* Such lovely Eyes,

*1st Lass.* Must tyrannize,

And you their Captive be.

*1st Lad.* Love's Chains alone,

True Britons own,

Nor wou'd from them be free.

*Chorus.* Love's Chains alone, &c,

(Dancing suitable to the Occasion. Exeunt.

SCENE *A Palace.*

*Britannia on a Couch in a Posture expressive of Distress. On her Right Hand, Tyranny attended with Slavery and Want; on her Left, Superstition attended with Cruelty and Pride. Ithuriel at a Distance weeping.*

*Brit.* Surpriz'd! betray'd! no Help, no Succour near!

*O* most undone! *O* ruin'd, lost *Britannia*!

*Tyr.* Stubborn, ungrateful Fair,  
Blinded by Error will you ever scorn  
The friendly Hand that offers at your Cure?  
Behold thy Soul's Physician.

*Sup.* Taste of this Cup, and be enlighten'd:  
Thou hast lost no Freedom,  
Except the fatal Liberty to err;  
And Riches are but Snares;  
Those we'll remove:  
But in return the Church  
Shall pour forth all her Benedictions on thee:  
Thou shalt abound in Grace.

*Brit.* Detested Superstition! Bloated Monster!—  
Drunk with the Blood of Nations,—from my Sight.  
I'll have no more to do with thy Inchantments,  
Hence, Sorcerer, hence, and let me die in Peace.

*Sup.* Consult not Reason, close the Eye of Sense;  
So shall you judge aright, and see the better.  
We are your Friends.

*Brit.* I know and I abhor you.

*Sup.*

*Sup.* Poor wand'ring Soul !  
 She must be driven back into the Fold :  
 Wholesom Severities may set her right,  
 And save her from Destruction.

*Tyr.* I trust your pious Skill.

*Sup.* Whips, Chains and Racks,  
 Those gentler Methods,  
 May first be tried ;  
 If these shou'd seem too mild,  
 You must impute it to our tender Mercy.

*Itb.* Now, Batavia, if thou hast Gratitude,  
 Assert it now, and save distress Britannia.

(*Aside and Exit.*)

*Sup.* Heresy is indeed a rank Disease,  
 But then the Fire's a never failing Cure.

*Tyr.* Take your own Way.

*Sup.* Nay, nay, I but advise ;  
 The Church expects that you shou'd do her Justice :  
 She but condemns—She never deals in Blood—  
 She damns, 'tis true, the Wretch who spares her Foes ;  
 But begs, by me, your Mercy  
 For this poor Heretick relapsed.  
 Touch not her Life, singe not a single Hair,  
 Nor shed one Drop of Blood.

*Tyr.* I understand the Church, and know my Duty.  
 (To his Attendants.) Seize her, and bind her strait.

## A I R VI.

*Brit.* (Kneeling.) Just Heaven ! if e'er  
 The Wretched's Prayer  
 I hear'd, and eas'd his Pain ;

Now

## BRITANNIA and BATAVIA. 11

Now in return,  
Let me not mourn,  
Nor ask Relief in vain.

*Loud Shouts without, mixt with martial Musick, Cries of Liberty, &c. Scene changes to the Prospect of a calm Sea with a Fleet of Ships at Anchor. Enter Ithuriel, Eliphas, and Batavia, ushering in Liberto, richly habited and attended. At whose Appearance, Tyranny, Superstition, and their Followers run off in Confusion. Liberto unbinds Britannia.*

*Brit.* Grateful Batavia! generous Liberto!  
Bounteous Heaven! O how shall I express  
My Wonder, or my Thanks?

*Lib.* Fair Queen of Isles,  
Guardian of Liberty and sacred Truth,  
In saving you we have preserv'd ourselves;  
Our Interest is the same.

*Brit.* Most Godlike Prince! O how shall I reward  
thee!

*Lib.* To serve Britannia is its own Reward.

*Brit.* ——It shall be so——

Prudence and Gratitude demand it of me——  
He best can guard the Freedom he restor'd,  
And well deserves to wear the Crown he sav'd.

*(Aside.)*

What think'st thou of me Prince?

*Lib.* All must confess your Charms:  
Fair and majestick, happy in your Offspring.  
*Europe* sees few so great, and none so blest:  
Freedom, and Wealth and Power are in your Hand.

12 BRITANNIA and BATAVIA.

*Brit.* Then here I place them all. (*Giving her Hand.*)

*Lib.* And I with Joy accept 'em. (*Kissing it.*)

\*T'were Folly to refuse so great a Blessing.

Whether Ambition, or the Love of Virtue,

Sway most with me, my Actions must declare.

*Brit.* By me you are not doubted, brave *Liberto* :  
And let inveterate Malice do her worst,  
Grateful Posterity shall clear your Fame.

*Bat.* O happy Change ! O glorious Revolution !

A I R VII.

*Lib.* To conquer without Blood ;

*Brit.* To reign for others Good ;

*Bat.* Lost Freedom to restore ;

*Brit.* This is the Hero's Praise :

*Bat.* For this we Temples raise,

*Lib.* And justly Heav'n adore.

*All three.* To conquer, &c.

*End of the second serious Interlude.*



*A Chorus of Sailors.*

A I R VIII. *When the Stormy, &c.*

*1st Sail.* You Terror of Britannia's Foes,

Whose Valour does maintain

Her Power, where'er the Ocean flows,

Or stormy Tempests reign ;

For

For Liberty restor'd,  
 Now let your Joys o'erflow :  
 As on the Shore  
 The Billows roar,  
 When the stormy Winds do blow.

*Enter Landlady, follow'd by a Train of young Women.*

## A I R IX.

*Land.* Well fare your Hearts, my jovial Boys,  
 You ranting, roaring Sons of Noise,  
 See who are come to aid your Joys,  
 And hail you safe to Shore :  
 See here the Treasure of our Isle,  
 Here reap the Fruits of all your Toil,  
 And all your future Cares beguile,  
 With fal, fal, &c.

*Chorus* See here, &c. [Dancing.]

*Scene a magnificent Monument in the Front of the Stage.*  
*At the Foot of which Batavia is discovered, leaning on an Urn.*

## A I R X.

*Bat.* Tho' hopeless, I must ever languish :  
 Nor Time, nor Fate, can ease my Anguish,  
 Still adoring,  
 Still deploring  
 Lost *Liberto* : endless Grief !  
 Will the cruel Grave return him,  
 Can I ever cease to mourn him ?  
 Will my Sorrows bring Relief ?

*Enter*

Enter Eliphas.

*El.* Arise, Batavia, and with Wonder hear  
 How generous *Britannia* has devised  
 To pay her Tribute to *Liberto's* Fame,  
 And make her Gratitude, like that, immortal.  
 She on the Princely Youth,  
 In whom *Liberto's* Name  
 Must live or be extinguished,  
 Does Wisdom, Beauty, Majesty bestow,  
 Domestick Happiness, Wealth, Fame, and Power ;  
 To sum up all that may be said or thought  
 She gives, —  
 The First-born Prince of her Royal House,  
 Replete with ev'ry Virtue, for his Bride.  
 Her joyful Sons  
 With Acclamations rend the Skies ;  
 Assist, Batavia, and increase their Joys :  
 Now prove how you regard your Princely Charge,  
 And what you owe *Liberto*,  
 Pay to his dear Remains.

A I R XI.

Hark, from *Britannia's* Shore  
 The Cannons loudly roar ;  
 The Horizon how bright !  
 Ten thousand Piles of Fire,  
 Waving to Heaven aspire,  
 And turn to Day the Night.

[Chorus of Spectators.]

Scene

Scene the Proceſſion of the Marriage of the Princess Royal with his Highneſs the Prince of Orange in the ſame Order, and as near as poſſible with the ſame Magniſcence, as it was really perform'd.

## AIR XII.

Spec. Ten thouſand Joys  
Attend the Princeley Pair,  
Whilſt ev'ry grateful Briton  
Applauds his Sovereign's Care ;  
Who on Naffau beſtows,  
(A Name to Britons dear,  
Whence ev'ry Bleſſing flows,  
And we with Transport hear)  
Anna, that Royal Dame,  
Our Bleſſings to insure ;  
That Freedom like his Fame,  
May evermore endure.

Chorus. Ten thouſand, &c.

THE END.

# АЛГЕБРА ДЛЯ АДДИТИВНОГО

## ANSWER

4 MAP 54

